

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

One He Married, the Other He Remembers :: Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service. :: By Nell Brinkley



"The Country Boy with a Gardenia Over His Heart Will Long for a Daisy Sure."

The man who was a country boy sits sometimes with his fighting chin sunk in his fine shirt front, when his perfect woman that he won seems specially to glitter cold and hard, when the stones that blaze on her rose-tipped fingers, arms and hair seem, even more than usual, an icy conflagration—his eyes blinded and wearied by her splendor, his feet weary of her tango teas, his heart tired of her shallow eyes and perfect, gem-like finger-tips and gone a-yearning for homely things.

With all her gorgeous beauty weighing heavier than most days, in the back of his head that he lost over a lass who was not his simple kind, grows the picture of the girl who stood at his "country elbow" and he might have had!

And her eyes are wide open and unclouded and she looks like wholesome things—"cornbread and buttermilk" and fields of wheat (that's her hair), with popples growing through (that's her lips below the wind-ruffled hair)—and he remembers that she hated to pick a

flower "cause it dies, you know," and she loved all live things and little kids!

One he married—and when she glitters too cold, too bright—the other he remembers! When you wear a flower—country boy who is or was—which should it be for you—gardenias, heavy and waxen and scented and hothouse-grown—or a daisy with a golden heart from the open field?

NELL BRINKLEY.

There's No Place Like Home

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"If a girl of seventeen wishes to have male acquaintances, and has not a nice home to invite them to, and if she does not entertain the idea of meeting them elsewhere, must she drop the friendship of these young people?"

"If you will advise me upon this subject, which I am sure has perplexed many a girl, I would appreciate it more than words can tell."

"KATHERINE."

Suppose your home is not elegant, Katherine—it is your home. It is the place from which you have sprung and which shelters you.

Can't you make some corner of it sufficiently pleasant and homelike so that you can receive friends in it? Even if it is small and shabby and up four flights of rickety stairs, can't you give it a little charm through cleanliness and coziness? Can't you receive your friends there with a spirit of cordial hospitality that will make them feel the spirit of the place and forget actual furnishings and surroundings?

The girl who meets boys at street corners, in parks, at subway stations or dance halls does not claim from them the same respectful attitude they feel toward a girl with whom they associate

the sacred idea of home. She is putting you aren't "fun" like the other girls herself in an unprotected and dangerous position.

Your home gives you a certain "background," girls. It is worth your while to clean and scrub and arrange and manage so that background will be neat and sweet and pleasant. The commonest of the dance halls has a gold and tinneled elegance—but it lacks the fine charm you can put into a dull little eight by ten room if you lovingly set about making it express a little of your own personality.

Cheap, garish splendor will not bring out anything fine in you. It will not appeal to anything good in boys or men. But if you put on a fresh little white blouse and bring a boy into a neat little place to which you belong and which belongs to you, you appeal to the best in his nature, you win from him a last, long regard instead of a flaring flame of interest that will make him "rush" you and drop you.

The feverish interest of the dance hall doesn't win you any lasting regard from boys, my dear seventeen-year-old friends. The lax air of an excursion boat with couples all around you loitering in each other's arms doesn't suggest to the mind of your escort the sort of regard you want to win. Seeing low standards about you will either affect your own modesty or cause an angry boy to wonder why

home would save you from this degrading influence.

Last winter a girl friend of mine was invited to a number of teas and dances given by her wealthy relatives and friends. At several of these affairs she met Mr. K., of whose wealth and importance she was well aware. He was always particularly pleasant to her, but even when he escorted her home she never rewarded his courtesy with an invitation to call. She felt that he would cease liking her if he saw her in the very humble environment of her simple little home, since she was decidedly the poor relation of her family. His manner changed at last, and on meeting her at affairs he did not even ask her to dance. She grieved over it, but decided that he preferred the wealthier, more elegantly dressed girls to her simple little self.

One Sunday afternoon early this spring she met him on the street and with a little constraint he ventured that he was going her way and would like to walk home with her. At the door they met her brother, who suggested that it was tea time and that "Beesie" was a famous little cook, so Mr. K. had better come in. Beesie had to second the invitation, and Mr. K. said he would be delighted if he might play butler to her maid.

Beesie is to become Mrs. K. in September, and her fiancé insists that they must always send the maids out and get Sunday night tea, since he fell in love with Beesie in an apron!

All you little Katherines, won't you entertain your boy friends at home? I am sure you will find that "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Homes give you a background and a protection and a domestic charm. It enshrines you in the masculine heart. For tinsel and gold may come and go, but the masculine desire and longing for the spirit of home goes on forever.

Peter Stuyvesant

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

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When, in 1657, Peter Stuyvesant landed in New Amsterdam to represent the power of the Stadtholder on these western shores Dutchmen had already been here for more than thirty-three years, and it is not so much with the choleric old gentleman of the wooden leg as with his countrymen in general that this article deals.

We will simply take the bluff old governor as a sign and symbol of the breed of men who did so much for the making of America.

It is a fact that the Puritans made New England, and it is none the less a fact that the Dutch made the Puritans. Who needs to be told that the Hollanders are the most wonderful people of whom history affords us any knowledge? It was wonderful to have lifted their country from the bottom of the sea, and it was still more wonderful to have successfully defended that country's liberties against the mighty power of Spain.

During the long struggle of Holland against their would-be destroyers Englishmen went over from time to time to help them in their fight, and the English soldiers who came monarchists went back home republicans. Dutchmen have always loved their liberties, and it was from the sturdy burghers that the English soldiers serving in the Netherlands learned the principles of democracy that were eventually to transform the British monarchy into what Bagehot would call a "mere ornament."

When Alva set up his infamous "Council of blood" in the Netherlands more than 100,000 Hollanders crossed the channel to

make their home in England. "These men," a great historian writes, "were not paupers seeking aid; they were industrious, self-supporting men, scholars, bankers, manufacturers, merchants; all of them fresh, refugees for freedom's sake and for conscience's sake. They were grand, brave men, constructed out of the very prodigality of nature, massive in intellect and in soul. Never in all the history of the world was there such another missionary movement on such a magnificent scale."

Now, it was from those noble men that the people of England learned to love with a renewed zeal the principles of human liberty, and to detest with a new strength the tinsel and red tape of aristocracy and royalty. From the southern and eastern counties of England—where the Hollanders settled and intermarried with the English—came the English commonwealth. From those countries came the "Ironside," the "Bill of Rights," the "Free Parliament" and modern England.

The Pilgrims. It is well known, lived in Holland for twelve years before settling out on their memorable voyage to the new world; and it was while dwelling among the Dutchmen that they learned the sturdy democratic ideas which, after on, were to clothe themselves in the "Town Meeting" of New England—the starting point of our American free political institutions.

William Penn had a Dutch mother, and it was from the teachings of that mother that he drafted into his Pennsylvania code the large and liberal principles of the brave little republic beyond the seas.

Thomas Hooker, already dealt with in this series, the founder of the city of Hartford, the author of the first Connecticut constitution, and the originator of practical democracy on this side of the ocean, was an English refugee who came direct from Holland to the new world, full of the Dutch ideas and principles, which he was only too anxious to put into practice in the Connecticut colony.

In what is now the great "Empire state" of the union were reared the first free church and first free school known in the present United States of America. It is generally conceded, even by his devoted admirers, that Governor Peter Stuyvesant had a will of his own, and was at times inclined to be pretty dictatorial, and one day in 1653, in a tilt with the peg-legged old governor, the burghers of New Amsterdam told him right to his face that "all men own their own consciences"; and standing upon that principle as upon a rock, they defied the testy governor and stood out until they had secured the recognition of the idea that "all true government receives its power and validity from the consent of the governed."

This action of the New Amsterdam burghers came very near being the first declaration of independence issued upon the continent of North America. Hooker's sermon at Hartford in 1636 being actually the first, and, as has been already shown, Hooker got the inspiration for his work while living among the Dutchmen before coming to America.

Among the makers of America, then, we must under no circumstances forget the Dutch.

It was from Holland that England and the rest of Europe, and by and by the new world and the United States of America, got the idea of the free public school system; the representative idea in government; the principle of the absolute and everlasting separation of church and state; freedom of the press and of speech, and last but by no means least, the broad mental hospitality which makes persecution for opinion's sake impossible.

Every one, therefore, who loves these things, and who understands how necessary they are to a progressive and uplifting civilization, should honor the Dutchmen without stint or measure. Great are their gifts to us, and great should be our appreciation of what they have given us.



"Madame Isbell's" Beauty Lesson

LESSON XII—PART II.

Exercise C for Balance—Raise on tip-toes, knees together, hands on hips, head erect. Now bend the knees as low as possible, up to tip-toes, down, up, for twenty times.

Exercise D for Correct Poise—Three times a day, at least, stand with back against a door in such position that the back of the head, the shoulders, elbows, palms of the hands and heels will touch it. This is particularly for growing girls. If practiced during the "teens," it is doubtful if they ever lose a good shoulder position. But I should like all pupils beginning this work to try it. It may be difficult for older women to get their shoulders sufficiently back, but practiced regularly (and this is an exercise that can be done with corsets on) it will improve the poise and carriage of any woman.

These exercises, always popular with children and young girls who do them easily, should not be neglected by older women, who will not find them quite as simple. They will make the body light and agile. Provide yourself with a light walking stick or with a bamboo wand three to four inches long.

Exercise E—Hold this in a horizontal position, with arms parallel and on a line with the shoulders and hands and palms downward. Raise the wand over the head as far back as you can towards the waist line behind, inhaling with the backward movement and exhaling when you bring the arms forward to original position. This not only expands the chest and develops the shoulder and arm muscles, but works away accumulation of fat between the shoulders.

Exercise F—Hold the wand in front of the body with the palms out, the right hand about a foot higher than the left. Now, keeping the body well poised on the balls of the feet, swing the wand upwards to the right, as high as possible, and then to the left as high as possible and repeat ten times. This is good for strengthening under arm muscles and will reduce excess flesh there.

Exercise G—Hold the wand horizontally, palms in, with the arms falling full length at the sides. Keeping the body erect, lift the right foot, raising the knee as high and as close to the body as possible and stop over the hand, letting only the toes touch the floor as the foot is lowered. Repeat this, over and back, ten times, and then do the same exercise with the left foot.

Lesson XII to be continued.

Madame Isbell

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Respect Her Wishes.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a girl for many years. Her mother and my parents are very intimate friends. This girl has been helping me in my studies and a half after a separation of five months they resumed courtship. I was courting her, but failed to win her.

I am a traveling salesman. The girl's place of business happens to be one of my accounts. This, therefore, gives me an opportunity to carry on a conversation, as I call on this house weekly. Her present friend strongly objects to this. The girl doesn't say much, but thinks it a good idea to avoid further trouble. As a rule I win my clients, and I am sure I take advantage of it. I am sure the employer doesn't object. She is not engaged.

OBSTINATE. You must not annoy this girl with your attentions. You tried to win her and failed. Now the main thing to do is to withdraw and be no barrier to other friendships or cause of contention in connection with her courtship. The fact that the other man objects has only this much to do with the matter—the girl seems to care for him and to wish to respect his wishes. Do not force yourself where you are unwelcome. You are sure to find a girl who will reciprocate your interest.

Do Not Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 18 and I am considered very pretty. I care a lot for my music teacher, who is in love with my older sister, who is engaged to another fellow. How can I win his love?

ELAINE. You may be very pretty, but you are also very vain and very foolish. Check at once your infatuation for this man, for it will only bring you heartache if indulged in.

RESINOL CURES A PIMPLY SKIN

Bridgeport, Conn., June 1, 1914: "I suffered with pimples on my face for about four years, which I thought I could never cure, as I tried to heal them with ——— prescriptions, and many other things, but they only got thicker. They looked like small boils and were very sore—after a while scabs and scales formed on my face. They itched awfully. I tried Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, which relieved after a few applications, and I have no more pimples on my face—my skin is now clear. I was so glad that I at last found a cure for my pimples, as my face looked a sight." (Signed) Miss Bertha M. Turfar, 1165 Iranistan Ave.

Prescribed by doctors for 19 years, sold by all druggists—Resinol Ointment, 50c, and Resinol Soap, 25c. For trial free, write to Dept. M-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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